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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Deep Down Things

The Deep Down Things are strong and great,
Firm-fixed, unchangeable as fate,
Inevitable, inviolate,
The Deep Down Things.

The truth endures, men pass from youth,
Books, creeds, and systems suffer ruth;
Change has no dart—can slay the truth—
The truth endures.

Behind the years that waste and smite,
And topple empires into night,
God dwells unchanged in changeless light,
Behind the years.

The Deep Down Things! Of little faith
Is he who fears they suffer scathe—
Impervious to the darts of death—
The Deep Down Things.

"Songs of the Average Man" —*Sam Walter Foss.*

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1915. NUMBER 1

UNTIL HE FINDS

"O tender shepherd, climbing rugged mountains,
And wading waters deep,
How long would'st thou be willing to go homeless
To find a straying sheep?"

"I count no time," the shepherd gently answered,
"As thou dost count and bind
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my counting
Is just—until I find."

The Beacon. —*Anna Temple.*

With this issue, UNITY enters upon the thirty-seventh year with continued courage, added support and the unfailing thought of a mission unfulfilled and an ever growing opportunity. Religion is still the prime necessity of the soul and the soul is a climbing reality, ever struggling through forms to higher forms, ever breaking through conclusions reached to conclusions beyond reach. The old motto with which we started out thirty-six years ago is still a lure and not a reality, something toward which to press forward:

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Without freedom, fellowship is impossible and without fellowship character is incomplete and without character religion becomes a routine, dogma, tyranny.

Grateful then for the reinforcement that has come in the completion of the Endowment Fund, which we asked for on our Thirtieth Anniversary, rejoicing in the strength of new recruits in the old army, in the new plans in the old campaign, UNITY looks forward and asks for the co-operation of old friends in finding new ones in this battle for peace, that has only begun. When bayonets are unfixed and cannon are silenced, then is the struggle for social justice, spiritual power, only fairly begun.

A faithful brother with twenty-five years of good work behind him in an orthodox church ventured in a recent sermon to state that "A monk shut up in a cloister by himself would have as much effect on the outside world as a church with an enclosure of creed around it." This of course meant if the creed was enforced so as to make an enclosure. Perhaps the condition is still worse when the creed is a pretense, and it is understood that no one ever expects to enforce it. The fence may keep people out, but the pretence of a fence paralyzes those within and amuses those without.

The New York *World* has set Congress agog over a suggestion that the army and navy be mobilized in a sham defense of the city of New York. Of course the militant men in and out of Congress will welcome anything in the way of a spectacular show that will arouse enthusiasm for men in buttons and deepen cowardly apprehension lest this country be found unprepared by an attacking foe, although it has lived for a hundred years in peace with the world, except when it took the initiative in warlike movements. The only objection, according to the *World,* is the financial one. Somebody has estimated that this sham battle could be managed for $300,000, but all friends of peace know that the money consideration is a superficial one. The incalculable injury that will be done to the ideals of youth, the false glamour given to war, the rude subordination given to the claims of the ideal and the deterioration of individual character brought about by such a demonstration would be lamentable. Once upon a time a President of the United States sent a line of battleships parading around the world and the fell inspiration that came from that parade has helped to bring about the present wickedness in Europe and America. Of course Hobson is enthusiastic over the suggestion. His only regret is "that we cannot have two big fleets, one to attack the port and the other for defense." Poor Hobson, how uneasy rests his head upon the pillow, as in his dreams he sees the terrible array of foreign foes invading the defenseless United States. We quote his words as printed in the *World,* and by a change of two of them we could adopt them as our own. He said:

> I think the whole proposition a *splendid* one which will attract the attention of the whole country to the army and navy, we think, with *beneficial* results.

We would substitute for the word splendid the word *silly* and for beneficial the word *baneful.*

Chicago has just had another humiliation. The independent voter has had another "surprise." Once more the right-minded men and women have waited to see "what the parties would do at the primaries," with the usual result The independent voters waited too long before expressing their non-partisan position in defiance to the machine politician and once more find themselves humiliated, discouraged and in all probability rendered inefficient. Another shock comes from the unexpected disturbance of the women's vote.

'Tis true that the women were able to see through the blandishment of Carter Harrison's flirtations, but instead of rallying in adequate numbers around Judge Olson, who on all sides was recognized as the truer representative of law and order, they gathered around the standards of the Democratic Sweitzer, the protege of Roger Sullivan, the hope and admiration of the "Wets." The question now is, is there courage, wisdom and ethical sincerity enough in Chicago to arouse the disappointed better elements to put forth a man that is at once free, clean and ready to plant himself on the platform of law enforcement and a non-partisan administration. Such a movement could not prove a failure. Though the result at the polls should show a decided minority, it would force the issue and give to the independent voter a chance to use his conscience. It would compel the voters, men and women, to face the real issue; whether in municipal affairs he or she is to consider the crack of the party whip or the call of law and order, the non-partisan call to citizenship.

Editorial Wanderings

The Julius Rosenwald special train for Tuskegee, which is getting to be an annual event, left Chicago this year on Saturday, February 21st. It was an elegant train of six Pullman cars carrying judges, lawyers, business men and their wives, and uplifters of both sexes, making a company of some forty passengers, all of whom were intimately connected with the social service activities of Chicago. The train reached Montgomery, Alabama, Sunday morning, and at nine o'clock most of the passengers were promptly transferred to automobiles and they started out on a memorable ride of 60 or more miles over admirable roads and with balmy atmosphere.

The object of the tourists was to visit some of the rural schoolhouses which had been built under the direct inspiration of a donation from Mr. Rosenwald, who offered not more than $350 to any country community that would contribute a like sum or more to the building of a schoolhouse. Not less than four such buildings were visited; at each place not only the children but all the colored community in the vicinity and many whites were there to greet the party. They were lined along the road several tiers deep, waving evergreen branches and singing the old plantation refrains of their fore-elders. It was interesting to note how fertile the "little sum," as Mr. Rosenwald called it, had been. The school buildings represented a cost of from $1,200 to $1,800. This aggregate was reached through the Rosenwald contribution. Money subscriptions from the patrons of the school, contributions in kind, team and man labor, and a small contribution from the State and county funds swelled the amount. At each of these stations definite reports were made of receipts and expenditures, length of school term, attendance and "the number of whitewashed and painted homes in the vicinity." The buildings were shown as model schoolhouses, types of the new and better school system which Alabama is trying to multiply. We understand that thirty or more such schoolhouses are slated for completion the next year, all under the energetic direction of Professor Sibley, a native born white Alabamian, who holds an appointment from the State as Superintendent of Colored Rural Schools. The excursion was in his charge and his energy and enthusiasm showed how it takes personality plus money to achieve success here as elsewhere. At each place arrangements were made to seat the visitors, most generally in an adjoining church, and there was much singing and a little talking. At Madison we found a station named after a pioneer colored man, an ex-slave, whose daughter is the efficient director of the school. The party arrived at Tuskegee early on Sunday evening in time to listen to the quaint singing of the great student body in the beautiful chapel with a capacity of from 1,800 to 2,000, fully utilized.

Then began three days of inspection filled with surprises to those who saw for the first time the wonderful work being done at Tuskegee, not only for the colored young men and women of the South, but for the cause of education, for Tuskegee is a contribution to pedagogy as well as to the race problem. Educators everywhere will have to reckon with Tuskegee if they want to bring their theories and practice down to date.

No institution of learning is now complete without its Extension Department, and the "exhibit" in this direction was varied, dramatic and full of that humor that borders on pathos. Two "Reverends" were brought in from the adjoining country to tell in phases more eloquent than grammatical how they acquired land and were now tilling their own farms, tracing their inspirations of course to the farmer conferences and to the radiating influences of Tuskegee. One woman told of how she secured a better schoolhouse for the "chillun." Egg selling, chicken raising, soliciting and many other ways too well known to the women of the North, which often indicate an obscure selfishness and a hidden penuriousness, here became high generalship and splendid courage. But more eloquent than the farmer parsons or the soliciting schoolhouse builders was the stern Angelo-like countenance of the wife who said to the preacher, "You go to school and I will take care of the plowing and the children." She said not a word. She received no plaudits, but she, not the parson, moved the silent depths of the soul. One slip of a girl, from the "honor three months"

of required cadeting in a country school, told how she not only washed up the schoolhouse but cleaned up the homes in which she boarded, brought in the cookstove that was all right except that it had lost one leg, and taught them how to enlarge their dietary list. The Extension Department of Tuskegee goes far afield and there were thrilling stories of achievements in South Carolina and other adjoining states.

On the return journey the tourists stopped at Baldwin Farms, some dozen miles from Tuskegee, where a few northern capitalists have secured possession of two thousand acres or more of land which they are selling in small lots on reasonable terms to ambitious homesteaders, helping them build the initial cottage, lending them a little money with which to get started. These "Settlers" met us with the usual singing and cheering. Here college graduates and city bred young husbands and wives are settling down contentedly to the task of making homes on the farm.

Here UNITY's correspondent broke company with the Chicago delegation and joined the Eastern contingency that had come under the direction of Seth Low, President of the Tuskegee Board of Trustees, and journeyed to Washington for the purpose of entering into the double joys of a Silver Wedding Anniversary and the first wedding in the family of Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, recently of California, but always of Chicago. The event aside from its social characteristics was significant in revealing the political and heretical status of the friends of these leaders of thought. Here was Julia Lathrop, Louis D. Brandeis, and Gifford Pinchot, Henry Crane, Louis Post, Mrs. La Follette, suffragists, Progressives, Independents of many grades, isms and issues, all paying their tribute to the man who though of no party is still a power to be reckoned with on the floors of the House.

A glimpse of Congress at work in the weary throes of dissolution revealed a tired body of men, heroically trying to do their duty to the end, and the correspondent is bound to report at least this concerning his visit to Congress,—the testimony came from all sides that the personnel of the present Congress is higher than the popular estimate of the same, perhaps higher than many preceding Congresses. There is no suspicion of grafters, or of the presence of any great number who were there for base motives. There were evidences that Congress is something of a reform school for politicians and that the discipline received on the floors of Congress, the contact with the nobler men higher up, and the solemn responsibilities thrust upon them is making pretty good legislative timber out of those who won their position through "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

These wanderings made the Editor a belated member of the National Meeting called in the interest of peace in Chicago by the Emergency Committee of which Miss Jane Addams is President and Louis P. Lochner, Secretary. This two-day meeting of Saturday and Sunday, February 27th and 28th, was as nearly an impromptu affair as is possible with a rally that represented some three hundred delegates coming all the way from Idaho to Boston. The meetings were an unqualified success, and we hope the readers of UNITY will find much about this peace conference beyond the limits of UNITY pages. Sunday afternoon over two thousand people were gathered in Sinai Temple, where the meeting was presided over by Dr. Hirsch and the speakers were worthy of the audience. The closing session was held in the Crystal Room on the nineteenth floor of the La Salle Hotel. The audience was large. The meeting was presided over by Professor Graham Taylor. Addresses made by Madame Rosika Schwimmer, Mr. Victor Olander, Representative of Labor, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The hard work done in committees appeared in the resolutions passed which will be widely circulated through the press.

And now it is 6 a. m., Monday morning, March 1st, and the Editor is dictating these last words before he begins his regular March "Escape." By 10 o'clock he will be again on the road, looking westward with an itinerary that already begins to look formidable. The first stop is to be at Emporia, Kansas, the last date is not yet scheduled, but the itinerary will reach from San Diego to San Francisco and homeward. Most of the speaking will be at educational centers in the interest of peace. As opportunity permits these "Wanderings" will be continued. Meanwhile UNITY and the work at Lincoln Centre and the pulpit of All Souls Church will keep right on the even tenor of their ways. Preachers for the month during the March absence of the Minister of All Souls Church will be Professors Linn, Tufts and Starr of the University of Chicago and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who will speak on March 14th. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

THE PULPIT

The Golden Rule Between Nations and Races

One Hundred Years of Peace

A Lincoln Birthday Sermon

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Delivered at the ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

February 14, 1915

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Help us, Father, to think of the things of the spirit, the things of love, the things that die not, the things that lift humanity out of its wickedness and its meanness. Help us, Father, to think of those things that unite, that pacify, that take bitterness and hatred out of our hearts. Help us, Father, to think gratefully of the prophet—children of thine who in time of hate and war have spoken of peace and love.

We thank Thee, Father, that in the dissonance of today we hear the sweet calm music of the centuries. Help us to realize the better way. Hasten the time when the cannon will be spiked, the muskets will be stacked and nations shall war no more, when spears will be beaten into pruning hooks and swords into plowshares.

Help us, O Father, to realize this morning the great brotherhood of man, to feel the tie that binds us to the frailest and weakest, to the lowest as well as the highest of thy children. Help us to confess our weakness as a nation, our shortcomings as a people. Reveal to us the things we ought to have done but have left undone, that in the future we may go forth with cleaner hands and purer hearts, with better informed minds and more heroic consciences, that thy peace which passeth understanding may come into our lives, into the life of this city, into the troubled life of this nation, into the warring life of all nations. Amen.

SERMON.

We are summoned this morning in connection with all the churches in America to celebrate One Hundred Years of Peace between Great Britain and the United States, to take cognizance of the striking fact that the longest political boundary line in the world, stretching over nearly four thousand miles of space, unguarded by cannon and unpatrolled by soldiers, has maintained amicable relations with the settlers on either side for a hundred years.

It is not easy to lift our hearts as well as our minds into thoughts of peace and amity at this time when our hearts are pierced with sympathy for dying soldiers, broken-hearted wives and starving children. It seems almost ungracious and futile to try to draw an argument for peace from the experiences of the western continent in the face of the awful convulsion of militant spirits and murderous relations on the eastern hemisphere. So I am glad that we are asked to celebrate this centennial of peace on the day which it is our wont here to celebrate the birthday of the tenderest and noblest of Americans. Perhaps the thought of Lincoln may enable us to take the longer view, and the long view always and inevitably argues for peace and rebukes war.

So I have taken for my theme the Golden Rule Between Nations and Races. I take it for granted that the Golden Rule is accepted as the highest standard in private morals. I will not spend a minute today in arguing that it is the highest and on that account the most commanding law of our relations as individuals the one with the other, for we all profess to believe in the Golden Rule however we may fail to practice it. I assume also that history has vindicated the Golden Rule in individual morality. I assume that we are ready to accept the theory of the binding power of this rule though we may fail in practice.

First let us realize that the Golden Rule is no new discovery of the New Testament, an exceptional law handed down from on high for the first time to the Man of Nazareth. Way back there Thales, the Greek philosopher, seven centuries before Jesus was born, enunciated it. Aristotle, four centuries before Christ, stated it. Isocrates, a Greek philosopher, writing later dropped it into his teachings. We discover it in the Apochryphal book of Tobit written perhaps two hundred years before Christ was born. Confucius, the lawgiver of China, stated it five centuries B. C. Zoroaster, and in a still more tender way, Buddha, not only stated it but lived it. The plain truth of history is that as we climb onto the table lands of human souls, the far-seeing children of God have all caught sight of this law of reciprocity; they all discover the binding quality of love and the superior force of the disinterestedness that it inspires.

The only debatable question then is whether this higher law of morals stated by prophetic souls on the heights, accepted as the law of private conduct, is applicable to communities as well. Can it be made to work between nations and races?

The first thing to say is the retort of Tolstoy which is unanswerable. "How do you know it will not work? It has never been tried!" No, it has never been tried. And another thing can be said with equal confidence, the other law has not worked well. The iron law, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is condemned by history as a gigantic failure. Novicow, in one of the latest studies of war, quotes a Russian scholar as saying that between 1496 B. C. and 1861 A. D., i. e., 3,358 years of mortal time, there were only 227 years of peace. Only 227 years out of 3,358; 3,130 years in this dreary stretch of time were ravaged by wars. And between 1500 B. C. and 1860 A. D., 3,360 years, there were 8,000 treaties of peace as the result of war. Eight thousand pacts entered into after bloody battles, and the average duration of these war settlements was but two years.

The present pathetic situation in Europe is only one more and last illustration of the undeniable truth that war never settled any question except which was the stronger party for the time being. Germany thought it had proven its right to Alsace and Lorraine; that it had lifted not only its own kingdom but Europe into peace in 1870. It was satisfied with the result. Today we have the pitiable spectacle of the war of 1870 being fought over again, with its intensiveness increased a hundred, aye a thousand fold.

At the beginning of our argument we must remind those who believe that the Golden Rule will not work between nations that they must confront these two fundamental unquestioned facts. First, that it has never been tried, and second, that the other rule works very, very badly indeed; and so with much confidence we fall back upon the discussion of the Rule and its possibility in directing the affairs of nations.

Call the roll of the great war captains of the world, from Alexander down through Cæsar, Hannibal, Na-

poleon to Bismarck, and all the rest of them, and when the last equation is cast, they all are discovered to be gigantic failures. Every achievement won by the sword is doomed by the verdict of history. All the campaigners and field marshals of the centuries have left a trail of devastation behind them, and if time enough is given for all the evidence to be brought in they are convicted of inefficiency and imbecility and are doomed to oblivion.

On the other hand, the great leaders of the spirit, the unarmed champions of humanity, those who have gone forth to fight the battle of right without sword or gun, stand out more and more clearly in the perspective of time. I need but to call the roll from Jeremiah, Buddha, to Jesus and down through Francis, Luther, Wesley to Lincoln to realize that those who have tried to lead nations into paths of peace, come out more brilliantly in the light of history as leaders and masters of men.

And what is more, those nations who have been defeated on the battlefields, but to whom was intrusted the indestructible treasures of wisdom in the realm of love and of righteousness, have survived in spite of the iron heels of conquerors. If you would find the permanent element in the life of the races, call the roll of the submerged. Summon into court those who have been beaten, the dethroned powers. The most triumphant illustration comes from the race that was denuded, dethroned and humiliated nineteen hundred or more years ago. The Jew has had no political existence through all these centuries. He has been badgered and beaten; he has been hung and quartered, burned and torn to pieces on countless racks. Everything that force could do has been done to suppress him. And still he is today a most dominant force inside of all the courts of Europe. He is a power to be reckoned with in all the economic, academic and reform councils of the world.

The triumph of the Jew is paralleled by the next most significant triumph of humanity. Little rocky Greece was a poor spot on which to nurse a militant nation, although it may have produced a Philip, an Alexander and others that did valiant work on battlefields; but their triumphs are negligible quantities and oftentimes odious to the Greeks themselves; but Grecian lore, poetry, philosophy, art, and above all the beauty and wonder of the scholastic world, the Greek language, have survived. They have conquered the world and are triumphant today. Greek today is the master language in all the academic centers of the world. Greek language, poetry and art constitute the imperishable wealth the world over.

But there are humbler illustrations. Let us continue the roll-call of the submerged nations—Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Finland, Ireland, Scotland, Wales. These are types of national lives that endure though they were politically obliterated by war centuries ago. Each one of these names are names to conjure by today in statecraft, art, music and religion. In the economic world, in the academic world, and above all in the realm of poetry, music and philosophy. Their misfortunes only served to sharpen their wits. Their political and military defeats only threw them back upon the more lasting element in human life. If we could go deeply into the story of the nations, the warring, quarreling, wrangling nations, we would find that the intensified forces representing the jungle, the ethics of the brute, are being overruled by the forces which represent the right arm of that power not of ourselves that is ever making for righteousness. This power is slowly and surely retiring the man of war and advancing the man of peace.

Browning's "Luria" is a drama of the Middle Ages portraying the situation when Florence and the neighboring city of Pisa were engaged in a bitter quarrel, a fierce war calling for the destruction of one party or the other. The whole story of mediæval Italy is a story of warring clans and communities. After centuries of internal battling "United Italy" at last comes, but not primarily through the power of the sword. The sword divided Italy through many bloody generations, but the United Italy came through the power of thought, through the charm of letters. United Italy is the child of Dante, the great poet, of Angelo and the master artists, and not of any man on horseback. Italy has been welding the various communities which have their antagonistic traditions, their dialects so different that one section could hardly understand the other. This is being accomplished by their learning to love one another, to work and live together.

In this connection Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a spiritual citizen of that "Woman Country," as Robert Browning called Italy, exclaimed, "One Cavour is worth a dozen Garibaldis."

The same principle is proved by the story of what we now call *Great* Britain, what the citizens pride themselves as the "British Empire." Oh how long did it take those Saxons to learn that the Scotchman and the Welshman and the Irishman were not only human beings, but brothers in the great family of nations, and their fellow citizens by the decree of love.

Again, the same thing holds true of the *"United* Germany." It was not Bismarck that brought about this high mutual confidence between the suspected, warring, blood-stained principalities of Germany, but it was the slow and ever widening influence of her Luther, Goethe, Lessing and Schiller. Germany was united by the power of thought which was so often riven by the power of the sword.

It is love that unites nations as well as individuals. It secures progress for the principalities as for families. When we know enough we will be able to see how the Russian Bear, which in our school books stands out so formidably in its militancy, is even now giving way to love and reason. The figures of its standing army and the story of her bloody leaders is written large in the text books of the United States. But when we come to truly understand even present Russia we will find that it has been slowly amalgamating and unifying vast aggregations of diverse and suspicious tribes. Twenty different languages, someone says, now represent the United Russia, and when the autocratic ruler descends, as he will, from his arbitrary throne and recognizes the rights of the individual, introducing an element of democracy into his rule, he will find that the great peasant heart of Russia turns to peace and industry and not to war and its decorations. Tolstoy, Vereschagin and the rest of them are no exceptions, no marvels, no miracles in Russia. They represent the heart, the soul of the rising people of that vast empire. They are the

first fruits of a power that will be rendered in its fullness when Russia is disarmed.

Already it has begun its marvelous career upward. The same hand that summoned the millions of obedient peasants to this unmeaning and unprofitable warfare, tutored by a higher spirit, inspired by a wisdom that it did not understand, has rendered Russia sober.

The militant Russia was getting so drunken and degraded, it was so corrupted by the indolence which always follows in the trail of war that it was becoming unbearable as well as unmanageable. But even now the better spirit of love and peace that removed vodka from Russia, is committing it to democracy. It opens the way for representative government which is only the Golden Rule applied to statecraft. That is democracy.

The one permanent lesson in the political history of the world, certainly the most permanent thing in the political history of the world, is that the great kingdom of the Orient which we have despised and ridiculed, the citizens of which we have abused and insulted, that great Chinese Empire, has maintained its continuous history for four thousand years, not by the power of armies, for the military history of China is a negligible quantity. The industrial history of China is the marvel of the world and that is rooted in peace and pacific methods.

So wherever we look deep enough into history we find that it is the Golden Rule after all that has brought the tribes of men up into the nations that have written themselves deep into human history.

What does all this have to do with Lincoln? He is a case in point. He is a demonstration. I offer his life as an argument to prove that there is more power and potency in love than in hate, in peace than in war. Oh, how he labored and suffered while trying to avert the unwarranted and wicked war for the Union. He of all the men in 1861, unless it be the sole exception of Alexander Stephens of Georgia, realized the awfulness of the impending catastrophe. No less than eight times during the first ten months of his administration did he try to bring about an amnesty. That neglected part of his story will sometime be brought to the foreground. He saw as clearly as any man in America the wickedness of slavery, and saw more clearly perhaps than any man in America at that time that we were common sinners, we were all accountable and the slave owners were the unfortunate victims of the complications of history, and that we of the North could not keep out of but should enter into the problem of emancipation. "Compensated Emancipation" was his plea. But the mad militarism south and north would not listen to it, and so we went to our costly calamity, which settled nothing except that the North was stronger than the South. The right thing was done in an awfully wrong way. It was the after-struggle not yet over that cemented the broken union and carried on the work not yet completed of emancipating the colored race and giving to every man the rights of a man whatever color his skin might be.

Lincoln in his personality belongs to the great peacemakers of the world. He has ceased to be an American, he is simply human. "We's got him now; he belongs to us today sure!" sobbed the colored woman as she leaned heavily against the iron railing of the State House yard with tears streaming down her cheeks, while the body of the dead President was lying in state within. "He belongs to the ages now!" were the first words that broke the awful silence of the death chamber, and they were spoken by E. M. Stanton, the man who had most often opposed him, distrusted him and insulted him before and after his elevation to the presidency. But now he spoke the verdict of history. "He belongs to the ages now!" Walt Whitman speaks of the Great American paradox, "When the Queens and Emperors of the earth sent tributes of condolence and sorrow in memory of a rail-splitter and flat-boatman."

John G. Holland, whose early biography of Lincoln displayed much insight, said, "Lincoln had always been a reconciler of difficulties between men." And again he says:

> There never lived a man more considerate of human weakness than Abraham Lincoln. . . . . Charity, pity, mercy, sympathy were virtues that reigned in the White House during Mr. Lincoln's occupation of it.

His "appeal was ever to the better angel of our natures."

To quote his own phrase, he showed that "Parties, nations are tolerable only when they stand for real issues."

Lincoln's was a personality that was persuasive because he loved humanity, and he is fast becoming if he is not already the best beloved man of modern times. His face is the widest known of any man of the nineteenth century. Go into the depths of the Scandinavian forests where the wood-choppers are, follow men into the deep mines of Russia, the cottages of Italy and the peasant homes of Wales and Ireland and you will be sure to find somewhere the face of Lincoln. It may be but a rude woodcut clipped from a newspaper, but his face would be recognized today by more people than any man of the nineteenth century.

"The Prince of Pardoners" is the title which led Dr. Cuyler, the good orthodox pastor of Brooklyn, to speak of him as "The most religious ruler since Cromwell," and then he proceeded at once to prove that he was above Cromwell. So when we climb to these great men we climb out of national prejudice, above our race pride.

> Great men are the inspired texts of that divine book of revelation whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch and by some named history,

said Carlyle.

German provincialism died when Goethe was born. Unlettered and inadequate dialects were lifted into a great language by Lessing.

So the warring tribes of early Britain over a thousand years ago were cutting each others' throats; king after king, leader after leader was assassinated or slaughtered by treachery. Then came King Alfred enamored of letters, learned in all the lore then available, devoted to study, and he lifted the seven petty provinces into unity, and England was born. Born not out of the martial spirit of Alfred, but out of the scholarly Alfred, out of the man who was head and shoulders above all his contemporaries in the arts of peace. The great builder, the great planter, the home-maker.

Then followed the wicked kings and queens of England. Heaven save and forgive those poor, blind children of Great Britain who pride themselves on the royalty of England! There is nothing there to be

proud of, nothing to be displayed. England is an everlasting disgrace if she is to be measured by her kings and queens, but England is to be held in everlasting remembrance and undying love when we think of her great confessors, her prophets and her poets. Shakespeare and Milton, Newton, Darwin and Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson and all the rest of them have lifted England out of its provincialism. Through them it is no longer an island. It has won a great place in the confidences of the world.

And so today if the warring powers can be stayed in their deadly trade of killing they may leave a remnant of these nations that will begin to build again the old nobility, not on any achievements won on the battle lines of 1914-15, but rather on the old undying foundation laid by the great and noble, the dear and tender children of Germany, France, England and Russia. The differences over which they are killing one another are but scratches on the outside of the human globe. Their animosities are superficial and artificial. They don't really hate each other. The papers tell us of how when there was a truce Germans and French met on neutral ground in a game of football. But more and better grounds for fellowship underly the bloody camps of Europe today. They are pledged citizens of the ages. Just before them are the immortal camping grounds of Victor Hugo, of Tolstoy, of Ruskin, of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Martin Luther, Emanuel Kant, the unarmed warrior who gave to Germany that which the spirit of Bismarck would harden and defeat. He made the nations distrust and hate those whom Martin Luther made love and revere.

Oh, do not tell me that the Golden Rule won't work until you have tried it, and do not be so smart in your clamor for the "rights of our nation" and the "duty of our nation to protect itself" until you have looked into the wicked defeats of the upward trend of humanity. The community life and love that has been defeated by the brute in the State is still manifested by the claw, the horn and the hoof, glorified into submarines, torpedoes and bombs dropped from the skies.

Suppose the United States was to live up to the inheritance of Lincoln and Emerson, the wisdom of Charles Sumner, who in 1846 stated "the true grandeur of nations" by showing how that now little battleship "Ohio" in the Boston harbor cost more money than did Harvard College with its wealth of library, traditions and lore. Suppose the United States could rise to the statesmanship of Charles Sumner, to the diplomacy of Lincoln, and build no more battleships, place no more soldiers on our borders, meet all foes with ungloved hands, and say, "Here we stand. We are prepared to play the game of life fair with you. If in anything we have erred we are willing to listen and if convicted we will make amends, but we will not add to the strain by proceeding to kill your innocent people or allow our own innocent citizens to be killed." You may smile at all this as being "impractical," but I believe there is no nation on the globe so commercial in its ambition, so bitter in its race prejudice, so foolish as to attempt to devastate such an unarmed nation, one who remained unarmed not from cowardice or from imbecility, but from superior vision. We have tried it for a hundred years and it worked. Yon waves have lapped the shores of our American Mediterranean Sea for a hundred years with no battleship to disturb them. The long line from Quebec to Vancouver has not been fretted by a single armed man, and no quarrel has arisen, and it is only by a careful use of instruments that we can tell where the United States ends and Canada begins. Every time we go east we are tempted to take the international route, and we find equal comity, equal encouragement and beauty whether it be on the Canadian or United States sections of the route. Oh, if it could only be trusted! Oh, if we would only try it! Let us enter into the diplomacy of Lincoln!

Here is a bit of story out of Lincoln's official life too little exploited. In the days of the most severe strain between the United States and Great Britain, when England's sympathies were overwhelmingly with the South, when even Gladstone as he afterwards confessed was "brutally on the wrong side," Seward as Secretary of State drew up a letter which President Lincoln revised. And here are some of Lincoln's revisions. Where Seward used the word "wrongful" Lincoln used the milder word *"hurtful."* Where Seward said "No one of these proceedings will be borne by the United States," Lincoln's revision states "No one of these proceedings will pass unquestioned." Seward wrote: "When this act of intervention is distinctly performed we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become once more, as we have twice before been forced to be, enemies of Great Britain." Lincoln scratched that sentence out entirely. It never went. Again where Seward used the word *"crime"* Lincoln used the word *"error."* And there was no war between England and the United States. It is the opinion of wise statesmen that had the original document as drawn by Seward been transmitted to England in that explosive and powdery time, we would have had another enemy to fight. The United States triumphed by the diplomacy of patience, triumphed by the statesmanship that recognized the frailty of man.

I must not stop with a fancy. The world has never wearied of dwelling upon the triumph of Calvary. The stories of the martyrs have always been listened to. Are there no opportunities for nations as martyrs? Are there no Calvarys up which a nation may climb, and exclaim with Job, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him." Or with its expiring breath pray, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." You must believe that the New Testament is inadequate to the demands of civilization, you must believe that the Man of Nazareth had not insight into the profounder truths of the human soul, you must believe that the highest contentions of Christianity are false, or else believe that the Golden Rule when tried is equal to the demands of statesmanship, and that it will bring that prosperity, continuity and power which is the desire of all the nations of the earth.

I have not yet brought my sermon to its last contention although I have exhausted my time. What is true of nations is true of races. All this dread of races, all this anxiety about "mixed" races, all this horrible fear of the yellow man and hatred of the black man will be ameliorated and at last overcome by the application of the Golden Rule and by none other. The clock of history has a long pendulum, it ticks the centuries off as seconds. It has seen purse

proud, sword proud races go down into the dust of oblivion because of their conceit. History shows how the despised, the unrecognized, the hated, the obscure have often, by diligence, industry and worth climbed to the top. I know of nothing in nature, I know of nothing in history or in religion that gives to any one race a perpetual lease of life. We have no quit claim deed on any corner of this round globe of God. We may go as other nations have gone if we trust to the complexion of our skins or the protection of force, and those whom we despise because their skin is yellow or black may climb up the ladder of patience, service and diligence and some day dominate over the proud Anglo-Saxons. Justice, the Golden Rule, fair play, represent the only way to meet negro or Japanese, and any distrust of this power will bring weakness and disgrace upon the would-be "superior" races.

Lincoln met the cowardly sneers once and for all when Stephen A. Douglas, having led him down into the southern part of Illinois in that greatest debate of history, where public sentiment would be strongest against Lincoln, asked the silly question if he wanted to marry a negro, the great statesman rose to his full height, and in the face of that pro-slavery semi-southern crowd said, "Fellow-citizens, because I do not want a colored woman for my slave it does not follow that I want her for my wife." That is all the answer there is to give when this question of the "mixing of races" creates a panic even in Chicago. The plain truth is seldom stated and more seldom is it frankly met. The black race is being bleached by the bestiality of the negro hater. Those who are beseeching Congress today to put the stigma of immorality on any attempt to legitimatize the crossing of race lines are blind to or dumb about the practice of illegitimacy throughout the South and the North. It has always obtained that the presence of an assumed "superior race" in the presence of an alleged "inferior race" results in the debasing of the alleged superior race on sex lines.

Let the horrible story of the Eurasians in India be told. Let the pathetic revelation of our own Philippine experience be told. When the regiments of the United States were called home to the bosom of American wives, mothers and sweethearts, there was a pathetic dusky crowd of Philippine women, some of them with babes at their breasts, with streaming tears on their faces, begging to be taken along by the men who had won their love not wisely but too well. The everlasting disgrace is upon the "superior race." Not until we have accounted for the number of mulattos which authorities say is today on the increase, let men in Congress be guilty of the hypocrisy of trying to set up a legal standard of virtue which for generations has been insulted and defeated in practice. Let Congress first apply itself to the task of holding the father responsible for his child in the District of Columbia, regardless of the color of the mother. When that is accomplished, then let it concern itself with the question of intermarriage between races.

The law of love, the Golden Rule which we confess to be supreme in the individual's conduct must become the law of nations, and it alone will determine the proper relation between races, as between nations and individuals.

Free trade in the commodities of earth is the demand of philosophy. The time is coming when there will be a free trade of citizens between the nations, free trade in the rarest and highest of commodities.

Races come and go. Nations rise and fall, but humanity endures and the human stock in trade are the words of the wise, the devotions of the loving and the triumph of the serving.

In the power of love may we move forward to win the triumph of peace. Amen.

Gardens for Children

The little town of Portage, Wisconsin, in common with an ever increasing number of towns in this and other states, has succeeded in interesting its children in the gentle art of gardening—of making two plants blossom where only one bloomed before. The visible results each year are the rapidly multiplying gardens of the town, the undisturbed, unvandalized existence of all gardens in the town—a condition not prevailing before the children themselves became gardeners, and, finally, the Annual Flower Show, to which the children bring the flowers and vegetables of their growing, for the awarding of prizes and that their elders may come and examine the proceeds of their toil

Last fall was the seventh annual recurrence of this event, and despite the failure of the aster crop, a goodly showing of nasturtiums and zinnias, of cosmos and phlox and verbenas, of mixed bouquets entered for artistic arrangement, of tomatoes and beets and carrots, parsley and cucumbers filled the rooms in the City Hall and attracted the attention of old and young.

Some details of how this plan has worked itself out may be of interest to UNITY readers. It needs only the time and attention of a few earnest and enthusiastic women and the co-operation of the school authorities to make it a success. In the beginning of the work members of the committee—in this case briefly and euphoniously called the Children's Auxiliary Committee of the Portage Improvement Association, a non-exclusive civic organization with numerous committees attending respectively to the town's sanitation, recreation, lectures and entertainments, parks, streets and alleys, and schools,—visited the schools and personally explained the plan to the children. Now, however, it all works out automatically through the teachers and the children.

In March, postcards are sent to each school building—including the two parochial schools—to be returned at once with a statement of the number of children who wish to order seeds and of the total enrollment in each room in the building, this last to be used in awarding the room prize of a fine picture offered to the room whose pupils make the largest number of entries at the flower show in proportion to the enrollment.

Large order envelopes, supplied by the seedmen, on which is printed a list of flower and vegetable seeds, are sent to each room, one for each child who wishes to order seeds. Two or three days later, after the children have had time to take these home and make out their orders, these envelopes are sent back to the committee by the principals of the various buildings, together with the children's money for the seeds they

have ordered, at the rate of one and one-half cents per packet. From these order envelopes the total order is computed and sent to the seedsman, who supplies good seeds in children's packets. When the packets arrive, each child's order is placed in his envelope and the bundles of filled envelopes returned to the rooms from which they came, where the teachers redistribute them to the children.

As soon as school opens in September, a notice is sent to each room of the date and place of the Flower Show; repeating the varieties which may be entered from each grade, giving directions as to bringing vases with the flowers and other necessary details, and asking the number of entry cards needed in each room.

The children below High School age are divided into four groups, the first two grades together, the third and fourth, the fifth and sixth, and the seventh and eighth, so that children of different ages do not compete with each other. Varieties have to be limited to those likely to be in good condition at that time of year and also adjusted to each group with regard to the ease of production. Zinnias and nasturtiums and beets have been found within the abilities of the primary grades; the next group omits the zinnias and is allowed to enter asters, phlox, carrots and parsley. The third group substitutes verbenas for nasturtiums, and tomatoes and cucumbers for beets and parsley, and the oldest group enters much the same variety. All these must be grown by the child who enters them.

In addition, any child may bring any kind of flowers, whether he has grown them or not, and enter them for artistic arangement, after he has himself arranged them at the exhibit rooms.

The prizes range from fifty cents in cash as first prizes and suitable books and pictures, baseballs and gardening tools, costing perhaps thirty cents, in the primary grades, to silver spoons, books, pictures, other baseball utensils, school penants and a few cash prizes in the higher grades, each representing at most a cash value of a dollar. In addition each child who makes an entry and fails to receive a prize is given a consolation prize of a large bulb, usually of the paper-white narcissus or some other easily grown variety.

On the morning of the Flower Show, promptly at eight o'clock, the committee assembles in the exhibit rooms, and just as promptly—and often somewhat more so—the children begin to rush in with their entries, to each of which is attached a printed card previously sent to the school rooms, on which the child has written his name, school and grade.

By nine o'clock the children have left all their entries and the display is made ready for the judges. As soon as school is out in the afternoon the children rush pell-mell to the exhibit room to receive their prizes, all who wish to come being allowed to do so, whether they have made entries or not. Many of the teachers accompany them. This is to the committee, as well as to the children, the most delightful part of the year's work, and ample reward for all effort, for the hundreds of eager faces and sparkling eyes are even more beautiful than the flowers which form the background of the vivid scene.

In the evening the exhibit is open to the public and many "grown-ups" come to see what the children have done. A musical program adds to the social value of the occasion, and while no admission is charged, ice cream and home made candies are sold and the proceeds turned toward the cost of the prizes The remainder of the expenses, in all about forty dollars, is raised by coffees, entertainments, or, preferably, by a sale in early May of perennials donated from the older gardens of the town.

Portage, Wis. SUSAN MILLER QUACKENBUSH.

WORK.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the soul and the brain on fire.
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world. . . .
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,
And what is so huge as the aim of it,
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out;
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills,
Rending a continent apart
To answer the dream of the Master heart. . . .
Thank God for a world where none may shirk,
Thank God for the splendor of work!

The Outlook. *Angela Morgan.*

"Please read me the poem you're reading, mother?" begged a little boy, sweetly.

"But I'm afraid it's too old for you, dear," his mother answered. "I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to understand it."

"Oh, yes, I would," was the calm answer, "so long as you didn't try to explain."—*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

VII.
I. Corinthians

Let all that ye do be done in love. xvi:14.

It is doubtful if in our course this year we will come upon another city of such marked commercial importance and economic significance as Corinth. The commercial jealousy of Rome denuded, depopulated and demolished Carthage on the African shore and Corinth on the northern shore of the Mediterranean. Rome anticipated the three or four dominant powers of Europe of today who for the last fifty years have been building, skilfully and diligently, a great war machine in order that they may be ready to defend their commercial life and existence. Corinth stayed demolished for about a hundred years when Cæsar, in his wiser statesmanship, ordered its rebuilding. He was modern enough to know that Rome's prerogative could be exercised by multiplying its outlying forts. This Corinth, about a hundred years old when Paul discovered it, was but a poor, shoddy reproduction of the old classic Corinth. The art that in old Corinth was rendered in gold and silver, in the new Corinth was done in brass. This attempt to reproduce the old glory met with but small success artistically, but commercially it worked, and Corinth was again a master of trade, again profiting by its double ports which practically enabled it to control the trade of the Mediterranean.

Paul on his Second Missionary Journey stayed a year and a half at Corinth, and with him were Prisca and Aquila, refugees from Rome because of their Jewish faith. With them he sailed for Ephesus, left them there and went on to Cæsarea, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and went back to Ephesus, from which point occurred this correspondence between Paul and the friends left behind at Corinth.

Scholars trace the evidence of at least four different letters jammed into what now purports to be the First and Second Letters of Paul to the Corinthians.

The Book of Romans from the standpoint of theological criticism is Paul's great masterpiece. It is the preacher's book, the theologian's delight, opening up as it does a splendid chance for dispute and discussion; a book dear to the heart of the old Puritans. But for a near, dear, living contribution from that little deformed Paul, read impartially and independently the Second Letter to the Corinthians. Out of it you can construct the heart of the man and the life of Corinth of that time. We have here as much as is left of the correspondence between this tireless missionary and one of the most successful centers of the new religion.

A chart is helpful, showing the approximate dates of the books as picked out by scholars from the correspondence itself, reinforced by the later unreliable information found in the Book of Acts, written thirty or more years after the letters. Paul came to his conversion perhaps three or four years after Jesus' death. These dates are assumed on the theory that Jesus died about 30 A. D. Paul appeared in Jerusalem for a casual stay three years after his conversion. Eleven years after that he was back at Tarsus, and not until 48 A. D. do we find the friends of Antioch sending to Tarsus for help. Paul then started on his first missionary journey, occupying about three years, then back to Jerusalem, from where he started on his second missionary journey; and on his third journey went back as far as Ephesus, from where he wrote these letters. In the fifth decade of the Christian era, between 50 and 60, he wrote the letter to the Galatians, two letters to the Thessalonians and two to the Corinthians, also the book of Romans. The fact that the book of Acts was not compiled and written until the 90's indicates the inevitable uncertainty of detail and ragged quality of the record.

There is evidence that the friends at Corinth had asked Paul some hard questions. The letter begins with a stately, almost solemn greeting to the Church of God,—not the Church of Peter, or the Church of Christ, which showed Paul's wisdom inasmuch as the church was made up of Greeks.

Already the theological tendency had taken hold, party feeling excited and there were disputings.

In the second chapter Paul dwells on philosophic problems, and in the third we see his generous heart in a wonderful manifestation of magnanimity. He was willing to give all honor and credit to Apollos, a younger convert, saying, "I planted and Apollos watered, but it was God who caused the growth."

We all know about the Olympian Games, but only the expert knows as much about those of Corinth. At the time of the poets, the Greeks counted time by the Olympiad, which was held every five years. The Isthmian Games in Corinth occupied the same prominence which the Olympian Games did in Athens in its golden period. The body was glorified in such games, and Paul was asked whether a Christian could take part in them. We can find nowhere a higher statement of physical purity and the sanctity of the flesh than in Paul's answer.

They are bothered about the marriage question and in the seventh chapter Paul defines his position. Disclaiming higher authority than his own feeling, and expecting the speedy coming of the Lord, he regrets that anyone should become entangled with matrimony. There is no sin in being married, and the Christian is not called upon to put away his wife, though she be heathen. Notice the difference between this and the earlier Jewish demand that all foreign wives should be put away.

In the eleventh chapter Paul advises regarding the celebration of the Lord's Supper. What had been a simple institution of loving, lonely, little groups, based upon the tradition that just before the crucifixion the Nazarene gathered his disciples together and in the quiet of an upper chamber had broken bread with them, had come to be a scandal.

The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of First Corinthians climb up to the high water mark of the Pauline literature. The Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount and the thirteenth chapter of this letter, measured by the standards of literature, represent the mountain peaks of the New Testament.

In the fifteenth chapter we come upon the early record of the Resurrection, and when we come to wrestle with the problem of the bodily resurrection we must remember that here Paul gives the very first account, written 50 A. D., twenty years after the alleged event. The next account, at least twenty years later, is given in the book of Mark, so that the record, without wishing to make any implication of dishonesty, is one that has been growing traditionally through two generations, with everything to magnify it and nothing to correct. One thing is sure, Paul believed implicitly in a bodily resurrection. He also believed in the Second Coming, and if we think we must believe in the bodily resurrection because Paul did, we must also expect the speedy coming again of the Christ because he believed in it.

This is a big, human document, sweet, earnest, kindly, tender.

But must we believe that this man Paul could have anticipated the discoveries of two thousand years that followed? Must we believe that he could include the teachings of Darwin and Spencer, and that to be reliable or prophetic he ought to have the world view of Emerson or Goethe? He would not be interesting if he was that kind of a miraculous product. The fundamental thing about Paul was what he did to let the Greeks come in. He broke down the Jewish barriers. He not only opened the gate but he threw the gate away. Therein lies his power and therein lies the abiding force of Christianity. It has taken upon itself forms and prejudices and what not, but at the core of it is this Pauline doctrine of the universality of the message and the possibility of a universal brotherhood.

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(1) When was this epistle supposed to have been written?

(2) Read chapters XII, XIII, XIV for high spiritual teaching.

(3) What does Paul advise concerning marriage?

(4) State briefly what Paul did for the Gentile world.

HEAVEN

To work with useful labor long
As happy birds pour forth their song,
To guard from all debasing strife,
The sacred lives of child and wife.
And in this toil of brain or hand,
As I pass on to higher land,
To wake to thought some minds too slow,
Or plant a flower where weeds did grow.

To breathe the fragrance of the grass
Thrown by the light winds as they pass,
To see one rose-red sky the golden bars,
And lighting of the candles of the stars,
And enter free of fear or care
Those worlds of truth spread everywhere.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

It may seem curious that I pick out *Bird-Lore* from my magazines (published by Appleton & Co.) as especially suited for winter reading. But it is just here that anyone who treats birds wisely will have them for winter companions, and enjoy them right well.

Bird-Lore for February contains the results of the Christmas Bird Census, which this magazine inaugurated about fifteen years ago as a humane substitute for the old Christmas "Side Hunt."

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, observers go afield on this day in keen and friendly rivalry, armed not with guns, but with field glasses. The record "bag" was made by W. Leon Dawson at Santa Barbara, California. Mr. Dawson recorded 107 species, doubtless a greater number of birds than have ever before been seen on a single winter day in North America.

A portrait of Mrs. Russell Sage, with a note on the aid she has given the cause of bird protection, the second part of Robert Ridgway's studies of bird life in Southern Illinois, colored plates by Fuertes and Brooks, and dozens of photographs of birds in nature go to make up this 90-page number.

There is an element dominating many of our recent story books that I hope will soon be worked out—an effort to be of the crowd and talk as the slums talk. The first of three novels, this one by H. G. Wells, entitled, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon," is really one of Mr. Wells' most labored and serious productions; but in it I find an abundant sprinkling of "what the devil," "go to hell," "damn it, this thing's got to end," "damned climate." A second book, "Saturday's Child," by Kathleen Norris, also swings back and forth from sentiment badly mixed with the sentimental, to a plentiful supply of rudeness. For instance, "What a damn fool class for any nation to carry! Billy commented." A third volume entitled "Faces in the Dawn," by Herman Hagedorn, gives me, "You old fool, you, can't you see it's a lie?" and considerable more of the same sort. And yet the three books constitute a trio that can be read to advantage—by common sense people.

I shall be glad, however, when I have seen the last of this new class of story writing Let Miss Norris go back to the atmosphere of "Mother," and let Mr. Wells give us more of the prophetic; and let both of them cultivate the beautiful in order to secure strength.

From Macmillan Co. I get "Sight to the Blind," a story by Lucy Furman. This is a true Southern story; be sure to read it.

From the same house I get one more of Dean Hodge's books, entitled "The Episcopal Church." There is a good deal in this volume besides ism. The book is valuable for reference.

From the same house, Macmillan, I get "The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas," by Professor McGiffert—a grand, good book and quite needed to supplement George Harris' "A Century's Change in Religion."

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL CONVOCATION WEEK

March 15 to 19, 1915.

(*Continued*)

The Convocation Week of 1915, in which this lectureship is represented, has for its topic the vital problem of "Immigration and Race Adjustment." The urgent demand for just and mutually helpful relationship between the white and black races, will be presented by Booker T. Washington and Celia Parker Woolley. Dr. Washington's courageous, optimistic and helpful position is well known, and Mrs. Woolley, as head worker of Frederick Douglass Center, has convinced all who have studied her work, that the commingling of black and white in the effort to solve this problem of race adjustment, works to successful ends.

Dr. William Elliott Griffis will show the reasons for his faith in the unity of the human race and the mutual helpfulness of Oriental and Occidental peoples, when they understand each other and deal fairly and justly by one another.

Dr. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, who pleads in his recent thought-provoking book, "The Old World in the New," that "America shall not be spent quickly for the benefit of pent-up millions in the backward lands," will add value to the discussion of immigration problems.

Dr. Graham Taylor will deal with the problems of friendly assimilation of our alien population with emphasis on the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Frederick C. Howe, the Commissioner of Immigration of the Port of New York, will give facts and suggestions from within the strong center of race adjustment. The fact that all the problems of immigration are now in debate at Washington and in the public press, because of the "Literacy Test Bill" now pending, gives timeliness to the discussions of this Convocation week. That other fact, that the present war is likely to give the United States new and difficult problems concerning immigration, will make Mr. Howe's contribution to the discussion of especial value.

Generous provision is offered for the entertainment of guests during the Convocation week, and all details may be learned by addressing President Southworth. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

PROGRESS WITH THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY.

What has now become quite generally known as the new Lincoln Highway, the same being a road 3,400 miles long, reaching from New York to San Francisco, has made considerable actual progress since the scheme was first broached, a year and a half ago. It is declared by Ewing Galloway, in *Collier's*, that "in the near future the Lincoln Highway will be an ideal hard-surface road all the way from the Hudson to San Francisco Bay." As most readers know, this highway is not an entirely new piece of road building, but mainly a combination of roads already existing, these roads being improved. The originating of the idea has been ascribed mainly to Carl G. Fisher of Indianapolis, but with him were other men who now constitute the Lincoln Highway Association. These men selected the route, having regard for mileage, scenery, the condition of established roads, the cost of improvements, and the people who would be benefitted. The road traverses eleven states. Cities through which it passes include Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Pittsburg, Canton, Fort Wayne, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Reno, Sacramento Stockton and Oakland. Many other important places are also reached. Mr. Galloway says further:

"After proclaiming the route, Mr. Fisher and his associates started a publicity campaign, telling the people what the plan meant and appealing for individual contributions. The press of this country and Canada were almost unanimous in their endorsement of the idea. In the first year $153,703.10 in cash, materials and advertising space was contributed. Of that sum $48,402.76 in cash and most of the advertising space have been used. The larger part of the work of improving and beautifying the road must be done by the constituted

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highway authorities of the states, counties, cities and villages traversed.

"That the states and local communities can be depended upon to do their share of the work is indicated by what has already been done. The old Newark Plank Road, which runs across New Jersey, has been renamed 'Lincoln Highway' for its entire length. It was well improved before the Lincoln Highway Association selected it as a part of the transcontinental route. Chambersburg and Lancaster, Pa., have renamed their streets, while in Ohio forty-two miles, the entire distance across Columbiana County, have been officially redesignated. The Buckeye state's link is probably the best in the long thoroughfare. Of the 229 miles from boundary to boundary, 145 miles have been hard-surfaced with concrete, brick or macadam. It is planned to improve the rest of the distance in the next year or two. A little farther westward, in Indiana, bond issues aggregating $275,000 have been voted for the improvement of the Lincoln Way.

"Five counties in Iowa spent $140,000 on the road in 1914, and other counties are expected to fall in line as soon as they have an opportunity to pass upon the appropriation question. Scores of cities and towns in Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming, including Cheyenne, have officially renamed the streets which form their parts of the thoroughfare.

"Smoothing all of the rough places in the road in Utah and Nevada in time for next summer's rush of automobile tourists to and from the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is too big an undertaking for the state and local authorities, and the Lincoln Highway Association itself has decided to take a hand. Considerable funds are required for this work, and the association is making special appeal for contributions. Appropriate signs have been put up along three-fourths of the route, and the association's officials expect to have the entire distance marked within the next three or four months.

"The marking of the Lincoln Way will hardly be completed when the work of beautifying the route will be commenced. The General Federation of the Women's Clubs, which has a membership of over a million, has voluntarily assumed the task of planting suitable trees, shrubs and flowers along the road.

Literary Digest.

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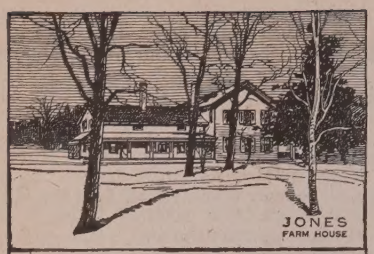

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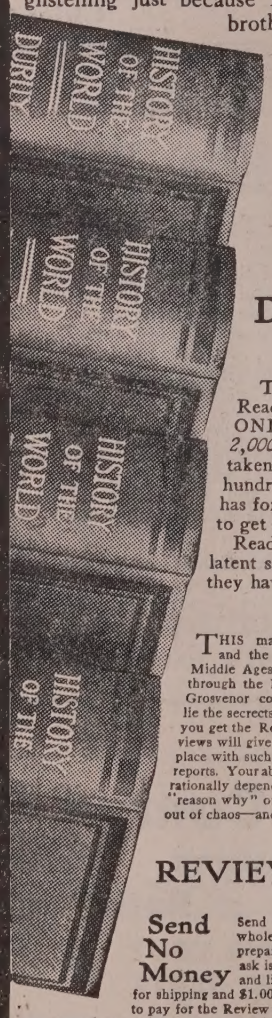

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